

GERMANY "BEATEN BY HUNGER"

AMAZING CONFESSION BY ONE "ONLY LOWER THAN THE HIGHEST."

Vow of Vengeance on England.

An amazing document, containing the statement of a German personage only lower than the Throne is revealed through "Lloyd's News" (London, Eng.) correspondent in Amsterdam. This personage, while confessing that, in his own words,

"Germany is beaten down to death only by hunger! She has won where fighting is concerned!"

vows that his country will be avenged. England is the enemy whose Navy has starved Germany—because the German fleet was not strong enough. But in three years' time, when the High Seas Fleet so carefully conserved in this war has grown far mightier, England will be invaded and destroyed.

"WE STARVE."

Infinite Hate Decree Against England.

(From "Lloyd's News" and "Daily Chronicle" Special Correspondent)

AMSTERDAM, Saturday.—I am sending you an amazing document which has just come into my possession. It is of such a character that I should never dream of communicating it to you unless I knew beyond a shadow of doubt that both the Dutch gentleman and the German referred to therein occupy in their respective countries positions that are only lower than the highest.

The document which follows, word for word, consists of a conversation between the Dutch gentleman and the German. Immediately after the conversation ended the Dutch gentleman wrote out a full account of all that the German said and handed it to a certain friend, with permission to show it to me. I have every reason to believe that the text of the document will be widely printed here very shortly. I would again impress the fact that both principals in this matter occupy very high positions.

The document runs as follows:—"Yes," said the German, "we are beaten—beaten by hunger! but not by arms. Nobody in the world can say we are beaten by force of arms. We have won where fighting is concerned. We are beaten down to death only by hunger. We starve.

"And England, England alone, has done this against us! Therefore, we decree infinite hate and revenge to England. Our great and only mistake was our fleet. It was not large enough. But we swear that in three years it will be mightier than the English Fleet has ever been, or ever can be. We swear this. Never, never again will England have the nations

under her wings as she has them now!

"England will then stand nearly alone, and then ———!"

"We shall create a mighty combination—so strong that we are sure to annihilate England. Our fleet will invade England. It is for this work that we have so carefully preserved our fleet during this war.

"In three years we shall begin again—to strike at England, and this time we are certain to destroy her. At this very moment, when peace is on all lips, we remember England. After some show of hypocritical resistance we shall concede all that England demands. (All was strongly emphasised.)

"We will even sell and betray Turkey and give Constantinople to Russia.

"We will sell and betray Austria and give Transylvania to Rumania.

"We will sell and betray Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and leave him to stand alone against his enemies.

"France—shall have Alsace and Lorraine back again.

"We will give Belgium even up to fifty milliards as compensation!

"We will even deliver up our Kaiser if they demand it.

"Then, then, we shall have peace!

"But on that day, when peace is signed, we shall begin again to create our New Fleet, and within three years we shall begin again.

"And then? Well, then we shall be a hundred times stronger than now."

Pierce hatred could scarcely go farther than this. And, remember, it is not the furious raving of an official and irresponsible German.

To this I need only add that for Germany's appeal to President Wilson to intervene is absolutely an appeal of desperation, a veritable cry from Macedonia—"Come over; help us!"

NOBLE WORK OF FRENCH WOMEN

Pte. Roy Welsh Writes His Sister Here How French Women Are Working Their Farms.

Mrs. George Nayler, Macdonald Ave., has received the following unusually interesting letter from her brother, Pte. Roy Welsh, now with the overseas forces in France. Incidentally Pte. Welsh pays a striking tribute to the splendid patriotic work of the French women who with the old men and young boys are doing practically all of the farm work.

France, Dec. 10, 1916. My dear brother and sister:

I know you must of necessity feel as if I was slighting you but the real reason is far from that. You will be aware, I am sure, of certain censor regulations, which govern our quality and quantity of correspondence. At this season, however, they are very kindly allowing us a greater amount of leeway, and I am writing to everyone I can, that is, those I possibly can think of and know their addresses.

I know that by writing to mother she would let you all know how I was and so it would do double duty, as far as I was concerned. Our writing facilities, like everything else are far from being perfect, but I have pretty good arrangements here. As yet I have not seen Percy but have written him and received an answer to mine. I wrote to him in hospital the other night and expect to get a reply in a few days. I hope so, as I will try and see him now, just as soon as I can locate exactly where he is.

I am very well, and were it not for the steady monotonous grind, and

this in spite of weather conditions, taken also into considerations our visitors, to get rid of which is practically an impossible condition, things would be very fair, as we are getting a fairly good ration of food, and our billets are not so fairly uncomfortable.

I enlisted on June 7th, 1916, and just 26 weeks ago today put on my uniform at Port Coquitlam, B.C. By this you can see I have been doing some moving around in the last six months, as I have spent over three months of that time in France and I sure have seen some of this country.

Speaking of France, my own personal observations, based on by experiences gained by roaming, would of necessity force me to admit it is the richest country I have ever seen.

I know there are thousands of people ready to contradict such a statement, but nevertheless I believe France is the richest country I have seen. You would not believe it, were I to attempt to try to tell you of the wonderful productivity of the soil of this country. Of course, when you consider the trying times this part of France has been through for the best part of twenty-eight months, and then see what the women and old men and boys have done, it is marvellous. Speaking of the women's work, why it is simply superb. They all work; in the grain fields, harvesting "bestrave, du sucre", (sugar beets) and doing everything. It is marvellous how their constitutions stand it, as they do not get a great variety, or ever a large quantity of any one variety of food supplies. I tell you they are doing their bit, with emphasis on their.

During my wanderings around France, I have made it a point to go to get a reply in a few days. I hope so, as I will try and see him now, just as soon as I can locate exactly where he is. I am very well, and were it not for the steady monotonous grind, and

She hath done what she could

Every married man in the ranks of Canada's soldiers means that his wife gave her consent.

His the sacrifice, the danger, yes—but his also the interest of a new experience, the companionship of comrades, the inspiration of action, the thrill of the advance, and the glory of victory.

Her's the pitiful parting, the weary waiting, the fevered watching for the dreaded message, the gruelling grind of daily responsibility for those dependent upon her—and her alone.

No, no, not alone! Not alone, as long as the people whose battles her husband is fighting have a heart in their bosoms or a dollar in their pockets.

Not alone—as long as Canadian manhood and womanhood knows the meaning of the word "trust." Not alone, as long as Generosity is the handmaiden of Duty and Privilege.

Only an appreciation of the need is required by those of us who here at home keep the hearth fires burning. Not for some of us the supreme sacrifice, but for one and all of us at least that whole-hearted answer to the cry of patriotism that never yet has failed to go ringing around the world when the call has come.

GIVE—GIVE—GIVE as your own heart prompts you, give to

The Canadian Patriotic Fund

\$6,000,000 must be raised in Ontario for the vital necessities of the great work of caring for the needy families of Ontario's men at the front.

Every case is carefully investigated, everything humanly possible is done to eliminate mistakes and prevent imposition—but to those who need it is held out a helping hand, without lavishness, but with the determination to see no real want un-supplied.

You are again offered the great privilege, not of charity, but of recognition of the magnificence of Canadian Wifehood.

Remember, if the Man is a Hero, the Woman is a Martyr.

"She hath done what she could"

Ontario is being asked to assure the Canadian Patriotic Fund that it can depend on having six million dollars in 1917 for the families of Ontario's soldiers.



Four million of these dollars must be secured from individual subscriptions. If there is no Branch of the Fund in your town or county send your subscription direct to the Head Office, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Victoria street, Ottawa.

back, will surely slave its impression. It is wonderful what this country is like on religious institutions and the churches are monuments to the faithful religious attitude of the people.

On Thursday last, Dec. 7th, just six months after I had enlisted, Geo. Currie, Officer Commanding the 1st Canadian Division, signed the papers recommending me for a commission in the Canadian forces. It may be a matter of months or it may be a matter of days, before it comes through, but I would like to get it for a Christmas present. I know you all are pulling for me to make good, and I do want to make good, not only for personal feelings, but also for the feelings of you people there, as it will mean a whole lot more to get my commission in France than to have taken it in Canada.

I received a beautiful Christmas box from Bert. It had doughnuts in

it, real homemade doughnuts, and oh! say how good they were. All the rest of the box was also good, but gum sent in a box is not much use when it arrives.

Now goodbye and God bless you and keep you all until I return and once in a while drop a prayer for me and I am,

Your loving brother,
Roy J. C. Walsh, 490633

LETTERS FROM OUR SOLDIERS.

The Field,
Dec. 16th, 1916.

My Dear Dr. Sprague: Certainly an apology is owing you for the length of time that has elapsed since receiving your letter which I enjoyed very much and surely in these winter months you will have time to write quite often. Should have replied ere this but

as you understand our time is not all our own and there is always something which requires immediate attention.

There is no use of mentioning the war for no doubt you follow it as closely as we do here.

The summer has passed by quickly on account of the hustle of war and now it is winter, but not as we Canadians know it as there is scarcely any frost and it rains nearly everyday. However, another three months and the rain will be over and the days will be getting longer.

You know that sometimes especially of late when I read a Canadian paper and see the current prices I sometimes think that I made a mistake by coming to war as what an opportunity there is these days to coin money at agriculture and in fact, place of that I will return a poor man, yet if spared to return, the ex-

perience gained in this world-wide strife is the education of a lifetime and I would never have missed it, more especially when I have heart and soul in the cause and know that were you younger you would be here as well.

In closing I wish to extend the season's greetings to Mrs. Sprague, yourself and family and trust that you are as confident of the ultimate success of this war as we who are in the front line.

Yours fraternally,
Roscoe Vanderwater.

FUNERAL OF MISS BRONK
The funeral of the late Miss Hannah Bronk of Thurlow took place this morning from Messrs. Tickell and Sons' morgue, Rev. S. C. Moore officiating. The remains were taken to Victoria Cemetery vault until interment next spring.

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